



*To Mrs. S—. Written in my Sickness.*

**D**EAR *Psyche*, come, with chearful Face,  
And blest this desolated Place.

O come! my sickly Couch attend,  
And ease the Anguish of your Friend.  
Thy Soul, with ev'ry Grace supply'd,  
Thy gen'rous Soul, in Friendship try'd,  
With Wit, and nervous Sense delights;  
And steals away the tardy Nights.  
Whilst others to Diversions fly,  
You watch the Sleep-forfaken Eye:  
To Thee was giv'n the wond'rous Pow'r,  
To gild the melancholy Hour,  
To sooth the long-distracted Brain,  
And conquer ev'n the Tyrant *Pain*.